CUP 21 g. 43/23

A BALLAD FOR THE Coronation-Day.

To the Tune of, Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

COME drink, and let's ſing
A Health to our King,
For *Britain* has ne'er ſeen a better;
If any One's ſad,
While we are all glad,
I'll take up the Rogue for a Traytor.

II.

A Halter, no Star,
For Graceleſs Lord *Mar*,
And ev'ry falſe Loon in the *High-lands*:
If all *Tory* Fools
Should follow his Rules,
The *Whigs* may ſoon hope for to buy Lands.

LONDON, Printed for A. Moore, 1715.

III.

They talk of their Worth,
And paſſing the *Forth*,
But we'll ſend them all back to their Border.
We laugh at their Plads,
And *Galloway* Pads,
And Knights of the *Warming-Pan* Order.

IV. With

IV.

With robbing the Funds,
They get ſome *Scotch* Punds,
To keep their poor Vermin from quarr'ling;
They'll alter their Stile,
For Hero *Argyle*
Shews his Heart and his Coin are true Sterling.

V.

While *Marlbro's* alive,
The *Jacks* ſhall not thrive,
Nor *Perkin* arrive at his Ends:
From *Townſhend* and *Stanhope*,
What may not a Man hope?
Had ever good Monarch ſuch Friends?

VI.

Then fill out your Wine
To a Health ſo divine
As that of our Proteſtant Sov'reign;
For this is the Day,
With Joy we may ſay,
His Head had a Crown for its Cov'ring.

VII.

Let *Tories* and *Jacks*
Make Rods for their Backs,
And fight for a *Maſon's* Begotten;
While with Glaſs in Hand
We merrily ſtand,
And care not a Fig for their Plotting.

LONDON, Printed for *A. Moore*, 1715.